

THE Queens Lamentation

OR, The most sad and mournfull Complaint of her Sacred Majesty, the *Queen of England*, upon the death of her most dear and well Esteemed Son, the most Eluttrious Prince, *Henry Duke of Glocester*, 3^d. Brother to our gracious King, *Charles the 2^d*. Deceased the 13. of September, 1660. Carried over from *France*, by Sir *James O Neal*, Knight and Baronet; comitted to the Press by his own Importuning desire.

To the Tune of, *Franklin*.



<p>Sweet Heavens have been pleas'd of late to shew How Stars and Comedies in mourning go, For my sweet Darling bright, wherein was my delight, To Heaven took his flight, And left me here.</p> <p>Oh that his Chariot free had been so strong For to have taken me with him along; My sweet Eluttrious Babe As ever woman had, His last good night have made, Oppitty me.</p>	<p>His Tranfport was so sweet, his Lilly hand; Methinks I see him yet by me to stand, His shadow with me still My griev'd heart doth kill. But unto Heavens will Wee must obey</p> <p>When late he was in France, his comely Grace My Spirits did advance to see his face: And constant was to me A sacred Deity; Joy and Felicity I had in him</p>
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the Second Part, to the same tune.

His comely gestures fed
me with delight,
When that his person did
appear in my sight,
Whose Princely looks did fly
Like Comets from the sky,
Would make a heart to dye

For to relate.

Why Heavens, were you gone
So with delight,
To take my Prince so soon
out from my sight:
Methinks I see his Ghost,
Swiftly to Heavens post,
Dear Henry I have lost

O pity me.

His Princely pities,
his godly zeal,
The holy desires,
would not conceal,
But down from Heaven they
Ascend in one day,
And fetch my Dear away.

O pity me

Angels would have it so,
for they decreed,
He needs away must go,
and with hail speed,
A Prince with them to be,
In immortality,
For everlastingly

With them to Reign.

Yet whatsoever place,
I walk or stand,
Methinks I see his face
close by my hand,
His shadow I do see,
Where-ever I shall be,
Unto Eternity.

He was so sweet.

O let all Passions be
sad for the Prince,
For which no remedy
cannot be since,
Angels rejoyce me know,
While that me mourn below,
To Heavens let me go

Then to my Dear.

O that I could but fly
Like to the Dove,
Even up to the Sky
to find my Love.
Then would I enter in
Amongst the Cherubims,
To see my dearest friend

That was so sweet

O death why dost thou send
thy part so soon,
Couldst thou not hold thy hand,
till I came home,
To have receiv'd one smile
From my own dearest child,
Before his last exile,

But now he's gone.

O Heavens may you be
to me so kind,
And grant some remedy
unto my mind,
Which now oppressed is,
My vitalls both decrease,
My grief transcending is,

O pity me

When I to England shall
now take my way,
My comfort is but small;
yet all my joy
Is in this Gracious King,
My blessing be on him,
When I do come again,

Lord succour me.